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Russia, I

IT IS not unlikely that certain elements in the Kremlin would be highly gratified at the election of Mr. Thomas E. Dewey. This statement may seem startling to most Americans, and yet we are convinced that it represents a sound analysis of the way in which Russian policy functions. It is not intended as a criticism either of Mr. Dewey or of the Kremlin. It is merely a statement of fact intended to provoke reflection on what is the most difficult problem in the world's affairs. And the worst mistake you can make in trying to form a judgment of what Russia intends is to assume a unity of cohesiveness or black-and-whiteness in the Russian mind. The second worst mistake is to take things at their face and name value: because Earl Browder openly supports Mr. Roosevelt and because *Pravda* attacks Mr. Dewey, you assume that Moscow wants Mr. Roosevelt elected and would view Mr. Dewey's election as a catastrophe.

For the relatively straightforward American mind it is almost impossible to understand what can only be called the "ambivalence" of Russian policy. The dictionary defines ambivalence as "combining two impulses or tendencies usually opposed to each other." This to us outlandish characteristic marked Russian policy under the Czars just as it marks Russian policy today. The reason for it is fairly simple. Under the Czars and much more under the Soviets, Russia presents to the world what looks like a solid front, granite in its unity. Yet behind that front there are always two or three or four conflicting groups, all seeking to impose the policy they advocate upon the autocrat whom, alone, the world sees. The normal situation is for no one of these groups to be exclusively in favor at any given moment. Hence the actual policy of Russia can be two conflicting policies at the same time; their synthesis is worked out in terms of attempting so to manage events that whatever the outcome, heads I win tails you lose.

Obviously it would be quite preposterous for American Communists (who might much better be called American Russians) or for the Kremlin itself openly to support a Republican candiate for the American presidency. Yet equally obviously there are serious reasons why the election of such a candidate might be to Russia's advantage. He would tend to be more isolationist than Mr. Roosevelt—hence would not be likely to be so much concerned about what goes on in Europe after the war. He would have less experience in international diplomacy, and hence would perhaps be a little less wary. But most important of all, it would be far easier for him to obtain from Russia the credits she will desperately want in America after the war is over. And for the few remaining doctrinaire Marxists in the Kremlin, the possibility of promoting a world-wide depression by helping to elect a conservative to office in America has its own special attraction. What better way of accomplishing all this than to persuade Americans, among whom communism is vastly unpopular, that Mr. Roosevelt is going to turn the government over to the communists? Such a policy is precisely the type of "ambivalence" which could easily arise out of a conflict between those in the Kremlin who favor Mr. Roosevelt (following the "popular front" line) and those who are against him (either on "realistic" or doctrinaire grounds). If Mr. Dewey is elected, it will be easy enough to benefit by the situation, since paths have already been carefully beaten to his door via big business. If Mr. Roosevelt is elected, he can be presented with a bill for the enthusiastic communist support which helped elect him.

The purpose of this analysis is not in any sense to increase suspicion and distrust of Russia, but rather to illustrate how Russian policy works. And it is emphatically to repudiate any notion that the result of our election will modify by one jot or tittle the problem of Russia. That prob-

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lem is squarely one of learning how to get on with Russia, for if we do not learn, the future of the world will be black for at least a generation—if the world as we know it will survive at all. Next week we shall try to deal with that problem on a positive basis.

Moving the Anti-Inflation Line

THERE IS agreement on all sides that the ending of overtime work in a number of industries and the reversal of the wartime tendency to upgrade workers have considerably flattened the war worker's pay envelope. As a result the protests of labor against the maintenance of the little steel wage formula have considerably heightened. In the steel industry itself the demand is most insistent and the organ of the United Steelworkers of America cites a study prepared by the Research Division of OPA which strongly substantiates their case. The present rate of profit in the industry, the increased output per man-hour and the expected fall in the price of raw materials, in the OPA's opinion, will enable the steel companies to absorb the full 17 cents per hour increase demanded by the union without increasing their prices. Other workers who soon are expected to obtain higher wages are employed by the auto, aluminum, electrical, shipbuilding, packing-house and glass industries.

Does this means that a new and dangerous inflation spiral is in the making? That would be indicated by two developments: an increase in national purchasing power which would further increase the demand for consumers goods; an increase in prices. But if the "line" we have been struggling to hold is moved only a few degrees in certain instances where the War Labor Board decides a moderate wage increase is advisable, the purchasing power of the workers involved will not even be as great as when they were working overtime. So that if the companies absorb the added labor cost without increasing prices, these adjustments will have no inflationary effect.

The general argument of business leaders that the nation's general wage-price stabilization be currently retained is altogether sound. The danger of inflation has not passed. White collar workers, dependents of those in the armed forces, and the millions of other Americans on fixed incomes must be protected against the inflation scourge which in the end affects all categories of the population. Business itself must be in a position to carry out reconversion. For these and other reasons whatever adjustments in wage rates may be approved in specific industries should be decided on their merits in consideration of all the elements involved in each individual case. Such changes have to be planned in advance. At present they should be directed at stabilizing purchasing power and enabling business to carry on.

Shipbuilding and Reconversion

THE REPORT prepared by union officials for presentation at the current convention of the CIO Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers at Atlantic City throws into sharp light the problematic future of many of our most essential war workers. Here is an industry whose principal component companies are now said to have built up a surplus and reserves of over three billion dollars. At present the industry employs 1,722,000 workers. Yet if things are allowed to run their normal course that number will fall below 400,000 after the war with Japan, and shortly thereafter to less than 200,000 workers.

To prevent this decline an efficiently maintained big navy and an American merchant marine of more than 20,000,000 deadweight tons are advocated. Such a recipe from those engaged in shipbuilding is hardly surprising. But it calls for the monetary and trade policies which will stimulate international interchange of goods and services, particularly "the greatest possible measure of free trade." Also "encouragement of industrialization of backward countries with the purpose of raising their living standards as a means of expanding exports and encouraging exchange of goods." The report goes so far as to advocate the placing of Liberty ships at the disposal of war-torn countries in need of rehabilitation; it opposes scrapping these war-built freighters. If workers in every war industry envisioned their basic problem as clearly, there would be much greater hope for the national reconversion program which this late is still to be formulated.

Objection

A YEAR or so ago we took strong objection to the tactics of certain political critics who publicized two prominent lawyers' clients to undermine public confidence in those lawyers as candidates for political office. Under our system a lawyer has a certain obligation to accept as clients those who seek him to represent them; if he knows that his acceptance of a client will be used against him politically later, there is danger of a serious injustice being wrought. For a situation might in time arise under which certain clients would find it impossible to obtain adequate legal representation. Once again a widely read columnist, Drew Pearson, has employed this totally indefensible tactic against a lawyer now very much in the public eye, Mr. John Foster Dulles. It would have been quite legitimate for Mr. Pearson to have pointed out because of the nature of Mr. Dulles's practice, Mr. Dulles may be inclined to be sympathetic with big business; it is altogether illegitimate by innuendo to accuse Mr. Dulles of fascism, by listing certain of his clients in fascist countries.

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Nantucket Night

THE HARBOR was just beneath the window; the water was just beneath the window and at night you heard the sound of the water where it touched the beach. The water of the harbor was still; across the harbor the New Bedford boat came in to dock and after a moment the wake from the boat broke on the beach beneath the window making a louder sound, and then there was the light sound again of the water rippling on the beach. They kept the lights on in the saloon of the New Bedford boat for a long while, and there was a light on the pier, but the harbor was dark and the little sail boats and motor boats moored in the harbor carried no riding lights. A bell from a church steeple sounded the hour, the hours. If you could not sleep you could look out over the silent harbor and wait for the bell to sound the hour. And there was always the light rippling of the water on the beach, but it was not like Dover Beach because it was in a harbor. That is how it was in Nantucket Harbor. There had been the hurricane the week before, and once you got out of the harbor there was always the sea, and there had been the whaling ships, countless disasters at sea, and it was precariously that men had lived always on Nantucket Island with the winds and the sea, but the harbor beneath the window was calm in the night, so it was only that you were in a room close to the water at night, and the only sound was that of this recurrent meeting of the waters and the land, not tragic as if there had been a surf, but tranquil, as if a fountain played.

That also is how it had been in Venice, and who cares how it had been in Venice?

It would be better never to travel and to have Nantucket be Nantucket, but there would be the pictures in the museums—Guardi, or Turner, or Tiepolo—and there would be Ruskin in the libraries, and Browning remembering the "deinde centum" of Catullus, so that you would have to be blind also, and not read or look. Ruskin explains how the gondolas are propelled, the blade of the oar feathering up to the surface on the return stroke, the man in the stern leaning his weight against the oar, taking the step forward. Against the wind, crossing from the Dogana, the little waves slap against the flat bottom of the gondola but, within the city, the only sound is the oar turning in the oarlock, the water dripping from the oar, the water displaced against the stone steps, the gondolier's cry.

The books do not exist, the paintings do not exist; there is this room in Nantucket Harbor, existing, and there is the room in Venice, existing. There is no use playing round with Browning, with Guardi. No subterfuge is of any avail. There is the night and the sound of the water. The war cannot intervene. There is but one room in which we are sleepless, one room in which every man carries the burden of his memories, one space, unprotected by the most massive of walls, in which something one touches, something one hears, the coursing of the heart, invite the inescapable memories, the uncalled presences, the annulment of time.

They sang, badly, on the Grand Canal, from a float illuminated by lanterns of course Venetian. The barman of the Grand Hotel had put champagne in a bucket of ice and in the gondola we drank the champagne listening to the songs and to the mandolins. Listening to the water touching so gently the side of the gondola, and sometimes we would drift against another gondola and there would be that sound too. Or it would be without any Grand Canal, or gondolas or singing or lanterns, when we would have dined at a restaurant on a square, with the church across the square, and the tables out doors, and then we would be walking through the streets, in the night, and there would be one bridge after another, crossing the narrow canals. We would stop on the bridge, leaning on the parapet, and there would be the stone steps leading to the houses, the dark, silent houses; the water was never entirely still where it touched the steps, where it circled the mooring masts; the gondolas lying between the masts rose and fell slightly in the quiet night; there would be the sound of the water touching the steps, the gondolas would rub against the masts and you would hear the wood against the wood. Or it would be late at night in the room when everything had been said. The Doges were in their tombs; no one planned the excursion to the country house on the Brenta, with the gay barge going up the canal, the poets improvising, the musicians with the madrigals, and, on the banks, the diverting milk maids and the cows. Tiepolo had decorated the Forestiera, with monkeys and chinoiseries, and his rose and blue-colored skies lofty above the forests and the chinamen, but the guest house was empty, the guests were dead. It would be late at night and the ships at Chioggia had furled their colored sails, with the eye of God and the Madonna painted on the sails; Murano and Torcello were silent in the darkness, and to the island of the dead no dark gondola proceeded. We would be there in the room, divided and united, inseparably separate, and there would be a soft breeze from the Adriatic and the sound of the water against the marble steps. There had been a war and there was to be soon another war; there had been an infinity of wars and an infinity of people between the wars, awaiting wars and death.

On Nantucket the waters of the harbor moved and you heard them where they touched the beach beneath the window.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Honest Doctors of Cheshire

A British medical experiment to prevent ill-health

Philip Norman *and* James Rorty

A FEW MONTHS after Munich, with Britain frantically preparing for war and appalled by the prevalence of malnutrition and disease revealed by the examination of her first draft registrants, a committee of English provincial doctors issued an historic document.

The committee represented the 600 "panel" health insurance doctors of the County Palatinate of Cheshire, a county of mixed agriculture and industry, famous for its cheese, and for Lewis Carroll's smiling cat. After a quarter of a century of medical benefits under the National Health Insurance Act, the Cheshire doctors had met together to appraise its results. Had the Act fulfilled its stated purpose: "The prevention and cure of sickness"?

The Committee delivered its verdict on March 22, 1939, in what is called "A Medical Testament." The report was unanimously adopted by an audience of 600 persons representing the County of Cheshire, the County Council, the medical profession and the National Farmers' Union.

To the question of cure, the Committee answered "Yes." The average expectancy of life had risen in Cheshire since the passage of the Act, and much of this, they thought, was due to the fact that, once doctors were paid an annual per capita fee for every patient under their care, the poor people could and did call their physicians whenever they needed them, instead of waiting until they could afford the doctor's visit, or until slight illness became serious.

But to the question of prevention the Committee answered, flatly, "No."

> On the first and major count [prevention] the Act has done nothing. We feel that the fact should be faced. Our daily work brings us repeatedly to the same point: "This illness results from a lifetime of wrong nutrition."

Among the consequences of this wrong nutrition, the Cheshire doctors reported anemic mothers and sickly infants, bad teeth, rickets and constipation—the last named, in the opinion of the Committee, giving rise to "a substantial proportion of the conditions for which our aid as doctors is sought."

> Nutrition and the quality of food are the paramount factors in fitness. No health campaign can succeed unless the materials of which the bodies are built are sound. At present they are not. Probably half our work is wasted, since our patients are so fed from the cradle, indeed from before the cradle, that they are certain contributions to a C 3 (sickly and below par) nation. Even our country people share the white bread, tinned salmon, dried milk regimen. Against this the labors of the doctor resemble those of Sisyphus.
>
> This is our Testament, given to all to whom it may concern—and whom does it not concern? . . . We cannot do more than point to the means of health. Their production and supply are not our function. We are called upon to cure sickness. We conceive it to be our duty in the present state of knowledge to point out that much, perhaps most of this sickness is preventable, and would be prevented by the right feeding of our people. . . .

Remember, this is the British equivalent of our county medical societies speaking. And the year is 1939. In that year most of our county medical societies were busy fulminating against the threat of "socialized medicine," meanwhile taking steps to rub out competition as it appeared in the form of group practice organizations and medical cooperatives. Because the steps taken by the District of Columbia Medical Society and the American Medical Association with respect to Washington's Group Health Association were a bit too rough, in the opinion of the Department of Justice, both organizations were indicted and convicted under the anti-trust law and eventually the Supreme Court sustained the conviction.

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As for the new science of nutrition, comparatively few American doctors knew much more about it than the average layman. In 1939 only three or four medical schools gave courses in nutrition. The average physician had picked up what little he knew from his hospital dietitian. And since both the menus and the kitchen techniques of many if not of most hospitals were still deplorable from the nutritional point of view, that wasn't a great deal.

Not that we didn't have plenty of undernourished and malnourished people. Almost any county medical society that had wished to look for nutritional trouble, and to testify about it, could have found plenty of it right at home. Four years before, a study by the Bureau of Home Economics had revealed that in scores of counties, both urban and rural, the diet of the aver-

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age low income family was as bad or worse than the white bread, tinned salmon, dried milk régime against which the authors of the Testament inveighed, and the resultant malnutrition was just as serious.

The point, of course, is that in our seizure of the huge health potential offered us by the findings of nutritional science, we are still at least a decade behind the British. And until the reasons for this lag are fully grasped by both physicians and laymen, we are not likely to close the gap.

The Cheshire doctors were right in saying that the National Health Insurance Act had not helped directly in the prevention of illness. Indirectly, however, its effect was considerable. For under the provisions of the Act they were obliged to treat people rather than illness. Each of the 600 doctors on the Cheshire panel was paid so much a year per capita for the care of the patients in his charge, the number being limited. An increase of sickness among his panel patients brought no increase of income to the doctor. It meant only more work and less sleep, whereas less sickness meant more leisure for study and recreation, as well as a better chance to supplement his income by attending, on a fee-for-service basis, the middle class and upper class patients not covered by the Act. Having thus acquired a vested interest in health, the doctors proceeded to do something about it.

For the Cheshire doctors did more than merely utter a cry of desperation and defeat. Their Testament reports systematic and successful attempts by panel doctors not merely to improve the diets of their patients, but to reconstruct the whole food economy and food culture of the villagers they served, all the way from the kitchen to the soil on which the food was grown. They taught the village bakers how to make bread from whole wheat flour, reinforced with half its weight of raw wheat germ. The flour was freshly ground —within 36 hours—in a local hammer mill from "fertility" wheat grown locally and fertilized by the Indore humus methods developed by Sir Albert Howard. Here is the diet prescribed for pregnant mothers:

> Wholemeal bread, 1 to 2 pints of milk (raw), generally including half a pint at breakfast taken with porridge (medium oatmeal scattered into boiling water and stirred until it thickens); eggs are used freely; salads in abundance, including celery and dandelion leaves; green leaf vegetables plunged into boiling water for 5 minutes and eaten with butter or poached eggs—or with meat, but the amount of meat taken is very moderate; liver weekly; herring once or twice a week except on herring days; fruit in abundance. The evening meal is often begun with soup of the Scots broth type, but carrots, unpeeled, are grated into it just before serving. Apples are eaten in their skins or baked in their skins, and other fruit is used freely. Potatoes are baked in their skins or boiled in their skins (dropped into boiling water and boiled till they "smile," then the water is poured off and a crumpled cloth put in the pot whilst it is drawn to the side of the fire). Cheshire cheese, grated into a salad, is advised and is popular. . . . No patent or "processed" food of any kind whatever is employed, with the exception of Marmite and of dried yeast. Broth, red gravy, brains and marrow bones are used for the children from 9 months onwards.

Health flowered in those villages.

> With rare exceptions, and those almost always "strangers," the mothers feed their infants at the breast 9 months and then wean them for a year or a little more. The nursing mother's food continues as in pregnancy, including the greens and salads. . . . The children are splendid. As infants they sleep as well as could be wished, grow well, are not over fat but weigh well and very seldom "ail anything." Broncho-pneumonia, for example, is almost unknown among them. One of their most striking features is their good humor and happiness. They are sturdily limbed, beautifully skinned normal children. It is not desired to give the impression that the child population of this village is perfect, or that complete compliance with the dietary advised is secured even amongst all who attend the center; but it is a fact that the mothers follow it substantially and with good results, which those concerned think they recognize. . . .

It is important to note, first, that this and similar demonstrations were conducted on their own initiative by local groups of private physicians, without benefit of government or foundation subsidies; second, that they involved a deliberate break with the existing commercially developed food economy and a reeducation of food suppliers as well as food consumers; third that both in their practice and preaching these Cheshire doctors were expressing a revolutionary attitude toward their own profession and its responsibilities. Disillusioned and impatient with the endless repair mechanics of therapy, they had turned, with something like religious enthusiasm, to the building of health.

This radically changed attitude has been steadily gaining ground among British doctors for nearly a generation. It is climaxed by the aggressive and far-sighted rôle played by the British medical profession during the war. To the British nutritionists, both the physicians and biochemists, must be given much of the credit for abandonment, after a brief trial, of the relatively inadequate, wasteful and expensive bread and flour fortification program and the adoption of the National Wheatmeal loaf; also the National Restaurants and other basic nutritional advances achieved by the British Food Administration.

On the average, the British people have been better fed during the war than ever before in their history. As a result they have also been healthier. Despite the *blitzes*, despite long hours on the production line, despite overcrowding, despite the cumulative strain of intolerable worry and grief, the most critical health statistics of the British population have shown an actual improvement.

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Watching from this side of the Atlantic this amazing reversal of what might logically have been expected, we have wondered how and why. The Testament of the honest doctors of Cheshire had a good deal to do with it. But what lay back of that document had more.

An Assault upon Democracy

More about "Francis Stuart Campbell"

John A. Ryan

THE COMMONWEAL *for August 25,* 1944, includes a short article by one of the editors, Edward Skillin, Jr., entitled, "Is This Our Line?" It is a summary sketch of the anti-democratic declarations of Francis Stuart Campbell, as set forth in the book, "The Menace of the Herd" and several magazine articles. According to Mr. Skillin, this writer constantly emphasizes "the ignorance of the man in the street," intimates that "there are only about 3,000 voters throughout the land capable of competent criticism of the New Deal and holds that in actual practice democracy leads to a negation of human liberty."

While I have not seen "The Menace of the Herd," I am acquainted with several of the author's magazine articles, particularly his most recent production, "The Anatomy of Tyranny," in the September issue of *Columbia.* To some extent this article confirms Mr. Skillin's judgment of Mr. Campbell's political opinions; for it speaks of "a decaying democracy," and asserts that "the contribution of political democracy to the general moral decay of Europe was a very considerable one."

According to widespread report, "Francis Stuart Campbell" is the pseudonym of a man who is a native of either Austria or Hungary, who writes also under other pseudonyms and under his own name. If this is his origin, it would tend to support Father Gillis's estimate that "no man writing in English today understands central Europe better than he" (*Catholic World,* December, 1943). Perhaps it would also explain his nostalgia for kingdoms that have vanished, and his desire to "restore monarchy everywhere in Europe." (Skillin).

Be that as it may, our concern here is with his antipathy to democracy and his arguments for this attitude. Both the attitude and the arguments are pretty old stuff. There is no need to set down here the long list of names of the writers, ancient and modern, who have rejected and opposed democracy. In his most recent *Columbia* effusion, Mr. Campbell sneers at the "*democratic process*" *with its assumed rights of* majorities over minorities, leading to "an automatic ascendancy of quantity over quality since the votes could only be *counted* but *not weighed.*" (His italics). A distinguished Englishman, Mr. W. S. Lilly, who wrote much and in the main wisely, scoffed at the democratic device of "counting heads, instead of breaking them," adding that the former was more humane if not more logical than the latter. That was some fifty years ago. (See "A Century of Revolution," "First Principles in Politics," etc.) Much older is Mr. Campbell's identification of democracy with "mob rule," even though he applies to the latter the horrendous epithet, "ochlocracy."

His principal errors arise from incomplete and inaccurate analysis of political processes, conditions and attitudes. His assumption that educated men will always vote more intelligently than the "ignorant man in the street" is comparable to the fallacy that "the good man is always the best citizen." The latter statement is only a half truth. The personal, domestic and social virtues are not a complete equipment for all the duties of citizenship; they do not of themselves provide the citizen with that *specific knowledge* which he requires either as a voter or as a holder of political office. "Specific knowledge" comprises not only adequate perception by the citizen of his power and responsibility, but also a reasonable degree of acquaintance with those political institutions, persons and policies which at any given time would contribute most to the common good. Not infrequently the "good man" lacks one or more of these qualifications.

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The purpose of all government, which should be the aim of all voters, is the common good. Interpreting the demands of the common good with regard to the distribution of "property and wealth," Pope Pius XI identified "the common good" with "social justice." (*Quadragesimo Anno,* par. 57). In the field of economic distribution, therefore, the voter, whether a good man

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or a bad man, intelligent or unintelligent, educated or illiterate, is morally obliged to promote social justice. What is social justice? In his encyclical "On Atheistic Communism," the same Pontiff declares that social justice demands from "each individual all that is necessary for the common good" and for "each individual all that is necessary for the exercise of his social functions." (Par. 51) Then he adds:

> But social justice cannot be said to have been satisfied as long as working men are denied a salary that will enable them to secure proper sustenance for themselves and for their families; as long as they are denied the opportunity of acquiring a modest fortune and forestalling the plague of universal pauperism; as long as they cannot make suitable provision through public or private insurance for old age, for periods of illness and unemployment. (Par. 52.)

In the light of the teaching of Pope Pius XI, we may define the common good as identical with the welfare of the whole community, taken distributively as well as collectively, the community considered not only as a unified entity but also as embracing social groups and even individuals.

According to this Pontiff, social justice is the virtue which impels and obliges the members of the community to promote this common good. Both these concepts include, indeed lay special emphasis upon, the rights and welfare of the weaker classes. And in both "Atheistic Communism" and "Quadragesimo Anno," Pius XI insisted that the demands of social justice should be enforced, where necessary, by the State.

It might be objected that the common good and social justice comprise more than the economic relations among men and their economic welfare; therefore, political processes and forms of government cannot be adequately evaluated in relation to economic factors alone. Undoubtedly so. No Catholic or unbiased student of history or society can or will accept the Marxian dogma of economic determinism. According to Catholic doctrine, the State and political government have other important ends and functions, in addition to those which concern the citizen's activities in getting a living. The primary function of the State is to respect and safeguard all natural rights, both of individuals and associations; its secondary function is to promote the general welfare, or the common good, by positive means: in the fields of education, health, morals, religion, charity, safety and security and industry. Obviously the last three of these domains are, in varying degrees, of an economic character. But they are of very great importance. In the quotation presented above from "Atheistic Communism," Pope Pius XI stresses as fundamental to social justice the wages and security of the workers. The importance of the economic factor in the function of government was strongly emphasized by Pope Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum*:

> In protecting the rights of private individuals, however, special consideration must be given to the weak and the poor. For the nation, as it were, of the rich, is guarded by its own defenses and is in less need of governmental protection, whereas the suffering multitude, without the means to protect itself, relies especially on the protection of the States. Wherefore, since wage workers are numbered among the great mass of the needy, the State must include them under its special care and foresight. (Par. 54.)

Here then is the situation, as regards the relation between the welfare of the working classes and political democracy. Improvement in the economic condition of workers, must be brought about to a great extent by the activities of government; what kind of government can most justly and effectively attain this end?

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Both history and human nature provide overwhelming proofs that social justice for the working class, and for the masses of the people generally, demands a régime of political democracy. In every country of Europe and in the United States, almost all the improvements in the condition of modern labor have occurred since the masses acquired the power to vote and hold office. The labor and social legislation of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been mainly due to the enfranchisement of the masses. To be sure, it was brought about to some extent by powerful advocates from the professional and business groups and even from the nobility. But the most influential factor in every country was the political power of the workers themselves.

Human nature, or psychology, shows that social justice for the masses cannot safely be entrusted to the superior classes or the educated classes, for two reasons. First, a very influential section of the latter is economically or financially interested in continuing the social injustice described by Pius XI in "Quadragesimo Anno": "the riches which are so abundantly produced in our age of 'industrialism,' as it is called, are not rightly distributed and equitably made available to the various classes of the people." (Par. 60). Those whose income is mainly derived from profits, interest and dividends fear that if the workers were to get more of the national income they themselves would get less. This is only a half truth. Economic ignorance and misguided conceptions of self interest impel the capitalist classes to assume that it is the whole truth. The second reason why the educated classes cannot be depended upon to bring about social justice is found in similar economic ignorance among the members of the professions. Moreover, many of these are receivers of rent, interest and dividends, while practically all of them are greatly influenced by their associations with the business classes.

More than seventy-five years ago, the great Bishop von Ketteler, who was the ablest and most

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influential Catholic social reformer before Pope Leo XIII, wrote these words: "The man who understands the social question knows his age; to the man who does not understand the social question both the present and the future are enigmas." It is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of the educated classes of our time, whether they belong in the professional or the business sections of that category, have no adequate understanding of the social question, the rights and needs of the masses, or the significance of the economic factor in social life and legislation. For example, many of them still accept the antiquated theories of economic liberalism and *laissez faire,* are unable to evaluate fairly and realistically such labor legislation as minimum wage laws and the National Labor Relations Act and do not advert to or grasp the significance of the fact that probably three-fourths of the peacetime deliberations in our state and national legislatures are directly or indirectly concerned with economic questions.

In an earlier paragraph, I strove to refute the assumption that the "good man" is always the best citizen. Neither is the formally educated man necessarily the best citizen. In both cases, the principal reason is the same: lack of specific knowledge. This is particularly true of social and economic questions. No one pretends that a university education by itself equips a person with adequate knowledge of law or medicine. Why should it be assumed that a college education automatically fits a man to pass correct judgment upon the complexities of labor relations, the policies of labor unions, the determination of wages, etc.? Undoubtedly, the educated man has a greater *capacity* than the uneducated to grasp economic facts and their implications, but if he does not exercise that capacity, or if he is biased by class interests and antipathies, his judgment will frequently be less reliable than those of the uneducated laborer who possesses specific and first hand acquaintance with the relevant facts and conditions. After all, there are some things concerning every man's life and welfare which he knows better than anyone else.

The sum of the matter is that in order to maintain and increase the gains which they have achieved, the laboring classes cannot greatly depend upon either the knowledge or the good will of the educated classes. They have to rely mainly upon themselves. In this connection the eloquent historical summary of Adams and Sumner ("Labor Problems," Page 205) is impressive and exact:

> In the last six centuries the laboring population has risen from a condition of serfdom to a state of political freedom. In this struggle for economic quality, the victories have been won by the wage earners themselves. When they did not pursue their interest, they lost their interest. When they forgot to demand their full reward, they failed to receive their full reward. They had occasional encouragement, and even an occasional leader, from the employing classes, but in the main they fought their way against the opposition, and not with the assistance, of their employers. Their weapons were the strike and the trade union. When the ponderous machinery of supply and demand was ready to give them a lift, its inertia and initial friction had to be overcome with a strike. When it had begun to thrust wages down, it was prevented from entirely degrading the wage earner by the trade union. Always and everywhere the salvation of the working class has been collective action; and while the wage system remains, their progress will continue to depend upon collective action.

Effective "collective action" has always included and will always include not only labor unions and collective bargaining but united political action. This means participation in the processes of political democracy.

Etymologically, democracy means popular rule, or government by the people. To define it as "mob rule," or "ochlocracy," or in terms of any similar caricature, is to reject both long established usage and the definitions found in authoritative dictionairies. According to the latter, democracy is government by the people exercised generally through a system of representation. Whom must the government represent? Who must participate in the electoral process? Not necessarily every individual in the community: exercise of the electoral franchise by only a majority of the adult persons, or by only the male adults, would still exemplify a democratic régime. Indeed, democracy is not necessarily inconsistent with the presence of a king; or with a restricted modicum of the aristocratic element. England, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden are democracies, not monarchies or aristocracies. The dominant governmental power is lodged in, determined and controlled by, the people.

The kind of democracy required to ensure social justice for the masses today includes universal suffrage and majority rule. It does not necessarily exclude multiple voting; that is, every adult might have one vote, with a minority having more than one, on the basis of certain special qualifications, such as marriage and a college education. Before World War I, such a system obtained in Belgium. Just why it was abolished there, I do not know, but I can see some reasons why the theoretical appeal of the system could be offset by two practical considerations: first, the property qualification (which was included in the Belgian arrangement) is practically always undesirable; second, the marriage and educational qualifications might produce results not greatly different from those developed in a régime where each adult has one and only one vote.

★

Obviously the voting masses should receive, somehow, the greatest practicable measure of political and economic education. They need, at

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least, an elementary understanding of the common good, social justice, the rights and duties of citizenship, the structure and functions of government and the nature and working of the industrial system. All this equipment is likewise necessary for the formally educated classes, whether they get their living from business or from the professions.

To Francis Stuart Campbell and all the other opponents of democracy I would address an ancient challenge which has not yet been accepted by any of their tribe. It is this: "What do you propose to put in its place?" There are only four distinct and comprehensive substitutes for democracy: a non-constitutional, or unlimited, monarchy, an hereditary aristocracy, a dictatorship, or government by an élite.

It is too late in the day for an unlimited monarchy. History and human nature have fully demonstrated that an absolute monarch cannot be trusted to provide adequately for the common good of all the people. The same sentence must be pronounced upon an hereditary aristocracy, whether it exercises supreme power directly or by delegation. As a permanent institution, dictatorship would probably be rejected by the most virulent critics of popular government. As a temporary expedient, it is likewise inadequate unless the dictator has been freely and deliberately chosen by the people; but this is a democratic process. If the dictator chooses himself and imposes himself upon the people by force, as did Mussolini, the régime is a tyranny and obviously immoral. The last alternative, mentioned above, government by an élite, would in the long run be inadequate, even if its right to rule were incontestable. How could it obtain such a right? Who would choose the élite? If they did the choosing themselves and maintained their control by force, their title deeds would have no more moral validity than those of a Mussolini, a Hitler or a Stalin. If the membership of the élite were determined by the people and their rule approved by popular consent, the régime would be a democracy rather than a pseudo-aristocracy. Finally, if it be suggested that the best policy would be no single one of these but a combination of one or more of them with a system of popular representation, the régime would not be fully antithetical to a democracy. It might be admissible if the popularly elected element retained a veto power over the decisions of the non-democratic elements: in other words, if the people remained the ultimate dominating power.

In the last paragraph of his article, Mr. Skillin wonders "how many readers are being persuaded by the strident tones of this curious new Lochinvar." In my opinion the number is very small. The great majority of American readers have sufficient critical intelligence to put a proper estimate upon Mr. Campbell's destructive attitude toward democracy, and to see through his indefinite and foggy proposals for substitutes.

Savages in Serge

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

IT WAS during the fierce fighting in New Guinea for the capture of Buna, and the heroic crossing of the Owen Stanley Range from Port Moresby, that an "Aussie" composed the following lines to the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels:

> True they haven't any halos—only holes slashed in their ears,
> And their faces scarred with tattoos and scratchpins in their hair,
> But they bear the badly wounded just as steady as a horse,
> Using leaves to keep the rain off and as careful as a nurse;
> Slow and careful in bad places on that awful mountain track
> And the look upon their faces make you think that Christ was black.
>
> May the mothers of Australia when they offer up a prayer,
> Mention these impromptu angels with the fuzzy-wuzzy hair!

That the Papuan headhunters, the most ferocious cannibals of the Pacific, are now sung as samaritans of the jungle is one of the brighter jewels in the British Colonial Crown. Fortunately an official who gave his whole heart and health to the labor of bringing new standards to Stone Age peoples has left a detailed and very frank history of his twelve years in Papua—a story which deserves to be republished.*

C. A. W. Monckton was born in New Zealand. In 1895, at the age of twenty-three, he sailed from Cooktown, Queensland, with a hundred pounds in his pocket and a letter from the Governor of Australia to the Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea. Monckton met the Lieutenant-Governor sooner than he expected, on the Island of Samarai, where the *Merrie England,* the Government yacht, also cast anchor with the great man on board. But the young adventurer was told he was too inexperienced for any official post, and there followed two years, crammed with excitement, prospecting for gold on Woodlark Island and for mother-of-pearl and Bêche-de-mer (a deep sea slug used for soup) in the Coral Sea. It was in 1897 that Monckton sailed one day into the harbor of Moresby with its red roofs and bright greenery. He was standing proudly by the trading cutter he had just bought when a deep Scotch voice behind him boomed out, "And what kind of cigar holder do you call that, Mr. Monckton?"

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* "Taming New Guinea, by Captain C. A. W. Monckton, R.F.G..S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I. Sometime Official Member of Executive & Legislative Councils, Resident Magistrate and Warden for Golds Fields, High Sheriff & High Bailiff & Senior Officer for H.M.'s Possession of New Guinea. "Last Days in New Guinea," Captain C. A. W. Monckton. Dodd. 1922.

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He turned to find the Lieutenant-Governor examining a curious protuberance that rose up from the *Guinevere's* deck. "Stove pipe or cigar holder, sir, it serves the purpose for which it was placed there and that's all I want."

"Very true, man," returned His Excellency, "if man and things do their duty, that is all that is required of them. Come up to Government House, I have work for you."

That afternoon, over Monckton's own protests, he was ordered to report at Samarai as temporary Resident Magistrate of the Eastern Division. Another man than the Lieutenant-Governor might have hesitated to hold a boy of twenty-five responsible for hundreds of miles of savage seacoast and islands with one white man and some ex-cannibal police to assist him, but the Right Honorable William MacGregor demanded the impossible both of himself and of his juniors. As a boy, Sir William had survived the last term of his university training on a daily diet of two bowls of porridge and one red herring. It was while he was an official in the Fiji Islands that a future Premier of Queensland had heard him say of New Guinea, "It's the last country remaining in which an Englishman can show what can be done by a just native policy," and it was to this remark that he owed his appointment, in 1888, as First Administrator—later Lieutenant-Governor—of the Crown Colony.*

MacGregor had divided New Guinea into five divisions —there are now ten—and over each he placed a Resident Magistrate, who had under him—supposedly—an assistant and a patrol officer. Sir William had taught himself surveying and navigation after his own appointment as Administrator, but he expected his R.M.'s not only to be surveyors, navigators, judges, builders, jailers, surgeons, doctors and undertakers but drillmasters and commanders of the Armed Native Constabulary. Thus the R.M. had both civil and military power vested in his person. He could sentence up to two years with hard labor and could fine up to £200. There was a fine—strictly enforced—for any white man selling arms, liquor or opium to a native or for striking one. For killing a native, a white man must appear in the Governor's court, the R.M. being ordered to arrest any white man himself. Cannibalism was not a crime although witchcraft and adultery, in accordance with the Papuan code, were both so listed, but the natives were to be taught that murder was a serious offense and for killing a white man there was a death penalty which only the Lieutenant-Governor could inflict. For the killing of other natives, the punishment varied from a few weeks to a year's imprisonment. Sir William's plan was to develop in the Papuan mind the idea of justice and the Decalogue purely by means of civil authority. No white soldiers were to be employed, only a native police.

For the nucleus of this force, Sir William imported two Fijian non-coms and twelve Solomon Islanders; the rest were to be recruited from the Papuans. At first these were the Kiwai from the Delta but Monckton preferred the tough Binandeli tribes from the north near Cape Nelson. With knee-length, short-sleeved, low-necked blue serge tunics, trimmed with red braid, a forage cap with bird of paradise badge, rifle and bandolier, the barefooted A.N.C.'s—Armed Native Constabulary—have proved themselves a South Seas version of the Canadian Mounties. The efficient R.M. was to be sure to see that his police were thoroughly drilled. When Monckton received his second assignment to Mekeo Station in the Central Division, west of Moresby, he found the police entirely out of the native sergeant's control. Catching them at morning drill with only one private properly accoutered, he himself gave them physical drill for an hour, sent them backward and forward over the stockade and left them standing at attention while he went to breakfast, only to return to order them "Double! Charge!" into a patch of prickly pineapples. But there was no hard feeling because savages appreciate discipline. When Monckton fell ill of blackwater fever at Mekeo, his men nursed him day and night and beat up the sorcerers who were rejoicing over his expected demise in the jail. He owed his life to the intervention of the Fathers and Sisters of the Sacred Heart Mission on Yule Island. When he returned from a convalescent trip on the *Merrie England,* he thus addressed his police, "That you are a lot of rogues and villians, I am convinced, and also that you got fat from idleness during my absence, but what steel instruments do you want most?"

"Scissors . . . Razors . . ."

"Ah, you scoundrels, I can read your hearts even on Thursday Island. Here is a razor and a pair of scissors for each one of you."

"The next time the sorcerers sing when you are sick, we will pull our their tongues," said Keke, a Kiwai, and he meant it.

The R.M. protected, of course, the lives of the missionaries, traders and miners and was responsible for safeguarding the tribes from each other. It was the duty of the R.M., on report of a cannibal raid, promptly to arrest the guilty leaders, which meant either days or weeks of tramping through the bush and over the mountains, or navigating a small boat along the coast. But this was to be no punitive expedition. No houses were to be burned—no gardens destroyed. Payment was to be left in salt or tobacco leaf for all garden produce taken or received and the murderers arrested without harming the other villagers, whose sensibilities were to be soothed with suitable presents. A sudden raid was the only successful method since the natives invariably took to the bush if warned of danger. Monckton and three policemen once pulled Chief Bogege of the Maisina and five other offenders out of a camp of a hundred sleeping warriors. That time they had a boat in which to pop their prisoners, but often it meant marching them in handcuffs over hundreds of miles of mountain track and jungle with never more than eight or ten policemen and a string of unarmed carriers. When Monckton was sent as R.M. of the Northern Division to build a new station at Cape Nelson, this was what he found awaiting him: the Mokurus had captured and eaten a number of runaway carriers; so had the Arifamu; the Winiapi had plundered a trader and mishandled his wife and

* Papua is now a territory of Queensland.

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Chief Bogege and the Maisina had been raiding the whole neighborhood. The Mokuru sent word they would eat up the police and feed the R.M. to their pigs; the Winiapi called the police "women in skirts"; but Bogege was soon captured, in the manner we have described, and so was Paitoto of the Mokuru. Paitoto later became a great friend of Monckton's and once said to him, "Do you remember that morning you caught me, you were lying very sick with fever in my house and Sergeant Poruta made you a pigeon stew and you made him scrub my pot very clean? That was the pot in which my wife had just stewed the carriers' hands!" Bogege got six months imprisonment; Paitoto only a fortnight and then, having confessed to the error of their ways, Monckton made both of them Village Constables.

This was the title in which Sir William MacGregor took greatest pride. Since there was no stigma connected in the Papuan mind with imprisonment, the jails were so many "finishing schools" for the V.C.'s. Well housed and well fed, in jail they learned the inflexible justice of the white man and his power. The V.C. is the Papuan replica of the R.M.; the symbol of "governor" to his people, and the annual present of a blue serge tunic and cap—no rifle—means even more, with his badge, than the five dollars' worth of trade goods he receives as salary. Behind the badge and tunic is the prestige of the British Commonwealth. It is up to the V.C. to see that villages are clean; trails clear; sickness and raids reported and the dead buried in the cemetery and *not* in the houses. The most notorious cannibal chiefs often become model constables, but occasionally there is one, like Ambushi of the Kumusi, who is just a natural gangster. Ambushi's last horrid crime was to send for a woman and child of his village and then dash out the child's brains to add to the menu of the supper party he was giving that evening. The anguished mother sent word to the police and Ambushi was hanged by the A.N.C.—after due trial by the Lieutenant-Governor. Monckton learned a lesson in savage philosophy when he arrived exhausted at a once hostile village and enjoyed the generous hospitality of the V.C.'s wife, who provided bountiful food for his hungry men. The Constable was away and when Monckton thanked his hostess, he inquired if she had children.

"I had two sons," she replied, "but they died fighting you. I don't blame you for killing them—we were a foolish people—but I do wish we had our sons again."

Realizing that the jails usually housed the bravest men, Monckton, at Mekeo Station, selected for his orderly a prisoner named Poruta. He was the son of Bushimai, Chief of the Binandeli of the Northern Division, whose tribe had annihilated the R.M. up there and his men. But once graduated from the jails, the Bushimai family became exemplary Papuans and another son, Oia "the Magnificent," was a corporal with unblemished record in the Constabulary. Monckton had previously got into hot water with Sir William MacGregor for having Bushimai flogged after inciting a riot in the prison, but Bushimai bore him no grudge and had Monckton adopted into the Binandeli tribe as did Giawai of the Haili Kaili. During Monckton's last years in New Guinea he was never allowed to be out of sight of two of his police, according to the old Chief's orders. Even at a banquet at Government House in Port Morsby, two policemen came marching in during dinner. "Taubada, Sergeant Barigi sent us to ask if they were treating you properly," they inquired, to His Excellency's great indignation. Sergeant Barigi was a bigger man to the police than any Governor, and of Barigi, a Royal Commissioner reported, "a non com beyond price."

Worst enemy to both R.M.'s and V.C.'s were the sorcerers. Not the harmless rainmaking variety but the practioners of black magic, and here it was that the Government looked for help to the missionaries. To prevent scandal and disputes, Sir William MacGregor had parcelled out the coastline, with the Anglicans to the north, the Methodists to the east and along the long southern coast, the London Missionary Society, the first to arrive. The Catholics, represented by the Belgian Fathers of the Sacred Heart, had only Yule Island on the Gulf, with the London Missionary Society on either side. When they received orders from home to expand, the Government ordered them to stay where they were, so the intrepid Fathers solved the difficulty by hacking out a road into the unexplored interior where they now have an advance mission 6,000 feet up in the mountains. "I have known many brave men," wrote Monckton, "but none more brave than those men and their ascetic chief, the Bishop of Navarre—may their souls enjoy a rest and peace their bodies never knew." Monckton was no churchman himself, but he also admired Dr. and Mrs. Lawes, of the London Society and the Anglican Bishop Stone-Wigg for whom he named a mountain.

Monckton was the first man indeed to cross the Owen Stanley Range from the German coastal boundary on the north to the Gulf of Papua, and he did it by himself with twenty constabulary and a hundred native carriers. Some German officers who attempted the same route were all murdered by their own natives. It also fell to Monckton to pilot a Royal Commission from Buna—"that malarial stinkhole"—on what was later to be the historic track to Port Moresby, and it was he who had discovered and surveyed the track from Buna to the Yodda goldfields, his scouts having had the good fortune to find an old man sitting under a tree when it had seemed impossible to find any way over the razor back spurs of Mount Lamington. The old man was crouched under a big tree, picked bare of leaves and twigs by the birds of paradise for their mating dance. He was the hereditary catcher of the birds of paradise and so immune from hostile attack by any tribes on the warpath, and, for some red calico and a tomahawk, he was persuaded by Sergeant Barigi to show them the secret trail to the valley. Undoubtedly this road later proved most valuable against the Japs; what was of far greater disservice to them was the hostility of the natives. Sir William MacGregor's principle of basing government on respect for the Papuans has paid dividends. They realize that they and their people and lands have been safeguarded. No alien labor has been admitted and there is no forced labor of Papuans.

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The Government has acted on the principle that cannibals are not monsters but primitive men with a healthy craving for salt in a country where the only big game is another man. "The Binandele are fierce cannibals," said Monckton, "but honest, truthful and moral to the last degree. . . . The chiefs had a high order of intelligence and were withal unselfish. No poverty, as poverty is known to us, exists under their sway. The forlorn widow is well housed, fed and protected like a chief's wife, and the orphan adopted."

"The bravest man I ever met," wrote Sir William MacGregor, "was a Papuan."

The Stage & Screen

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo

A LAST MINUTE visit to the City Center to view the Molière-Strauss-Balanchine *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* proved that this company suffered abominable luck during its short pre-season. With its main male dancer, Frederic Franklin, in hospital, and his substitute, Nicolas Magallanes, bravely hobbling about on a twisted foot, it is impossible to calculate the piece with any degree of fairness. However, for the wholly enchanting sets, costumes and fakery of Eugene Berman as well as for the return of wings and wit to the schemes of Mr. Balanchine, I would like to underline it as a delight and to urge you to see it on the company's return during the winter.

KAPPO PHELAN.

So-So

EXCEPT for a two-reel short made by the Marines, the films this week are nothing to warrant putting aside your bridge game, reading, knitting, political discussion or even your radio program to see. *"The Battle for the Marianas,"* however, is a must. While it is not edited as well as most of the fine war documentaries we've been seeing in the past two years, this short, photographed by Marine Corps cameramen, has some of the best footage of actual battle in this war. LSTs unloadings, the landings and advances along the beach heads, an assault force smashing at Guam, pushing through the jungle, flamethrowers in action, the house-to-house fighting in towns, the large numbers of Japanese prisoners both military and civilian, the picking off of Jap snipers—all these shots are shown with vivid realism and telling effect in this account of the taking of Saipan and Tinian Islands and the recapture of Guam. The commentary that accompanies the film is done without editorializing and is narrated in a tone of understatement. The pictures themselves, all of which were taken on the spot, tell the story of present-day warfare. The shots of cornered Japs committing suicide and the final sequence of thousands of American graves need no editorializing comment. "The Battle for the Marianas" is a short to be seen—even if it is combined at your theater with one of the mediocre feature films listed below.

Movies have long been interested in the theme of the lady and the commoner—whether he be a cowboy, sandhog, butler or prizefighter. Perhaps because it always offers opportunities in comedy contrast and lush moments in tussles with sex. The latest version (this time about a lady and a pirate) is called *"Frenchman's Creek"* and it's a dud. Gorgeously wrapped in some of the best technicolor that the movies have ever exhibited, beautifully costumed and set with stunning scenery and seventeenth-century English trappings, the film has a production and cast that should guarantee good entertainment of the romantic-adventure variety. But such is not the case. Talbot Jennings has fashioned out of the Daphne du Maurier novel a talky, dull script that Mitchell Leisen has directed without imagination and with a lot of ham in the performances. The lady (Joan Fontaine) runs away from her stupid husband (Ralph Forbes) to their castle in Cornwall where she makes a play for the French pirate chief (Arturo de Cordova) whose ship is conveniently parked practically outside of her bedroom window. She even goes on a raid with the pirates (disguised as a cabin boy of course) and when their leader is finally captured, she sets him free. Behavior standards in 1668 may have been somewhat looser than they are now, but it is still rather embarrassing to watch our heroine, with whom we are supposed to be sympathetic, be so obvious in her pursuit of the handsome pirate. It must be said to the lady's credit, however, that in the finale she remembers her children, if not her husband, and refuses to flee with her more dashing playmate. The only real thrill in this long and unexciting movie is when the villian (played by sneering Basil Rathbone) chases the struggling heroine up a long staircase—and loses the race.

"The Climax" is based on the play by Edward Locke which was very popular some 30 years ago. Not having seen the play, but having just come from the movie, all I can say is that it's a sad commentary on our parents' tastes. I suspect however that Curt Siodmak was rather free in his adaptation, and that producer-director George Waggner was more interested in giving us a good fright than in displaying a period piece with psychological undertones. The theme of this melodrama-with-music is the reverse of the Trilby-Svengali situation. A deranged doctor hypnotizes a young prima donna into thinking she cannot sing and he almost succeeds in destroying her as well as her career. This story has possibilities as a movie, but it is done with so much exaggerated melodrama that one is more inclined to laugh than sympathize. Boris Karloff heads the cast and gives the only performance that carries any conviction. Susanna Foster (in good voice), Turhan Bey, Gale Sondergaard and Thomas Gomez don't help much, but perhaps only a master of horror like Karloff could overcome the ludicrous situations. "The Climax" is also in technicolor, but such a tawdry production I have not seen for a long time. Its colors are gaudy; and its costumes are a strange mixture of mythical Graustark and present-day Roxy. If you're looking for a turn-of-the-century thriller you might hunt up "The Lodger" or "Gaslight."

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Devotees of the Maisie films will be pleased at the release of another item in the series. Although *"Maisie Goes to Reno"* is not the best in the group of films based on Wilson Collison's characters, it still has some very amusing moments. And Ann Sothern's portrayal of the little blonde with the heart of gold has a fresh quality that remains constant in spite of the oft repeated characterization. This installment of Maisie's adventures (directed by Harry Beaumont) takes our worldly-wise Miss Fixit to the Nevada city for a vacation to rest her nerves which have become somewhat frayed from overwork on a swing shift. How she stops a young couple from getting a divorce makes up the main story. Neither the incredibility of this plot nor the garrulous script detract too much from the pleasure of watching Maisie at work. Miss Sothern is surrounded by a good cast (including John Hodiak) who realize that the Maisie personality is the film's *raison d'être,* and their performances and the picture's action are centered around her spirited optimism and good will.

"Bride By Mistake" is a film by mistake. An expensive production is wasted on a poorly motivated, ill-considered retelling of the poor-little-rich girl story. Laraine Day gives a good enough performance as the lonesome heiress, but she is made to do such ridiculous things in testing out a prospective husband (Alan Marshal) that one cannot believe in her or any of the people concerned. When she finally persuades the suitor to propose to her secretary (Marsha Hunt), and the secretary, though married, accepts, you realize that all logical processes have been thrown to the winds. You can avoid seeing this painful scene by avoiding the picture entirely.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

PARTNER IN THREE WORLDS. *Dorothy Duncan. Harper.* $2.75.

BOSTON ADVENTURE. *Jean Stafford. Harcourt.* $2.75.

HOW TO TELL PROGRESS FROM REACTION. *Manya Gordon. Dutton.* $3.00.

WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD. *Allen Rohan Crite. Harvard.* $3.00.

PORTFOLIO. *Henry Sukuhara. JACL.* $1.00.

Life of a Czech

IT IS sort of a stunt to write the life of another in the first person, but if it comes off it gives a heightened intensity to a personal history. That is decidedly the case with Dorothy Duncan's "Partner in Three Worlds." And yet this volume has overtones which give it greater significance than that of any individual's colorful life story.

The career of Jan Rieger of Prague epitomizes in so many ways what the continental European of the twentieth century has had to face thus far. There was the extreme poverty of his youth and the hopelessness of his mother's financial position. There was no real belief in anything positive to sustain him. He had to go to commercial school at an early age despite his interest in other things. World War I interrupted whatever start in life he had made. It was a long and brutalizing experience for Rieger and was followed by an even more desperate period of poverty and economic apprehension. His conviction that a "sense of claustrophobia all over the Continent" was the result of the new immigration quotas America clamped down is well worth noting.

How Jan Rieger finally got his toehold and began a meteoric rise in banking and business has many Alger elements. More pertinent is the picture of well-to-do European society in the twenties and the night clubs of which he became a champion habitué. It was only, after several vicissitudes, when he landed in the fine glassware business that Rieger began to develop a purpose in life. He loved fine things and combined a good business sense with sound artistic appreciation. And as success followed upon success he came to regard fine glass as a symbol of the contribution the reconstituted Czech nation would make to European and Western culture generally. It all warmed and deepened his love of his native city; he had a new zest in living. He was also deeply in love with Milada, who worked with him and saw in their enterprise everything which he did, if not more. She was eventually to become his second wife. But Hitler was lurking in the background; this idyll's days were numbered. And so the work of rebuilding which had gone forward so successfully in so many of the lesser European countries was shattered and a whole generation was lost. It remains to be seen what can be done about picking up the pieces.

Despite his loving and understanding wife, who accompanied him to this country, Jan Rieger became a lost soul incapable of anything. He finally took to gardening and chicken raising in Pennsylvania and through his first real contact with the soil regained some of his spirit. But the most pathetic parts of the whole book, rhetorically at least, are his pallid attempts at humor in describing his unsuccessful efforts to raise chickens. He knew he was but marking time until he could do something for his beloved country. And when he succeeded in enlisting in the Canadian Army, he became so fervent an advocate of the Allied cause that they sent him all over French Canada to win over the people. When last seen he was happily guarding a group of German prisoners. Jan Rieger in his struggle to exist, his search for anything to believe in and his nation's political insecurity is a symbol of the plight of twentieth-century Europe. There is little indication that his thought has gone much beyond the defeat of Hitler.

Better than Its Boston

A RUSSIAN WOMAN and a German father, in poverty and despair, produce a child on one of the dreariest beaches in the vicinity of Boston and this child, born with an inclination toward elegance, seeks and achieves entrance into the parlors, the dining rooms, the secrets of Beacon Hill. There had been this Miss Pride of Boston who came each year to the decrepit summer hotel on the beach, and the little girl who lay in her room listening to her father curse her mother through the hours of the night would do Miss Pride's room in the morning, and naturally one room seemed to her better than the other. Little Sonie had an epileptic brother and when he died there is a wonderful scene in which Sonie together with kind neighbors—the father has abandoned the family—pretend to bury little Ivan from a boat in the sea, whereas, having no money to provide a funeral, little Ivan lies nameless in a pauper's grave.

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This sea burial is arranged in order to spare the mother's feelings who says that a sea burial is a very beautiful thing and she stands on the beach and sings a Russian song and the whole event is beautifully told. Only it appears that the mother wanted little Ivan in the sea because it was the most horrible resting place she could provide for a child she hated and this was because when she was a girl in Russia one of her friends had drowned and she had been very horrified when she had been called upon to identify the body. As one of the characters remarks this first part of the story is a very Russian story.

The second part of the story, after Miss Pride has taken Sonie as a companion, is a Boston story and not particularly illuminating as to Boston. There is a wonderful insane asylum, but it might be elsewhere, and there are Boston people who are Boston enough but they have been in other books before, and more interesting in those by Mr. Marquand. There is a Boston girl who tries to get away from Boston, but she only gets to New York, and there she gets into trouble, and then she comes home and marries a Boston man, to arrange matters, and he finds out that she is very selfish, and so she persuades her horse to throw her and she dies. All this Boston business, and Miss Pride, are well enough, and there is nothing very wrong or foolish but there is not anything very much to remember. Boston is revisited but not redefined.

Yet this is a moving, serious and poetic novel and these two paragraphs, which carelessly have alluded to its plot and setting, show only that it is very rarely useful at all to speak of plot and setting. For what is essential in a book is the tone. It is that which one will remember or not remember. In the writing of "Boston Adventure" there are a few discordant passages—a trivial word annoys at times, and more often a pompous word. But the discord is from something excellent. Miss Stafford is not afraid of the grand manner, of the long sentence deliberately and calmly unfolding its clauses. The incidents of the first narrative are recalled, developed and explained in the meditative second part of the book. Again and again this scrutiny of the past, of the past acting on and determining the present, provides a very rich and sonorous material which is worked upon with deliberation and art. So that one feels that the point is not to list mistakes but to admire the attempt and much of the realization. Certainly we expect to enjoy Miss Stafford's next novel which pertinently might be a continuation of this "Boston Adventure" which is not concluded. In Miss Stafford's mind and style we are deeply interested.

Note for Messrs. Harcourt, Brace: We have a friend who speaks a little French, not much but a little; many years ago he took a course in Elementary French in college and once he visited Paris for a week. He is poor. Now would it not be possible to make an arrangement whereby he would receive one dollar ($1.00) per page in compensation for proof reading the few pages of those novels written in English in which appear simple French words and expressions? It would cost so little and would make books look better. In "Boston Adventure" for instance on page 417 the simple French adjective *"merveilleuse"* is misspelled, and twice there is the phrase *"ne c'est pas?"* which is neither phonetic nor grammatical.

A Revealing Test

IF YOU want to know whether a political régime which goes in for socialization is in fact democratic, all you have to do is ask one simple question: "Do the workers have the right to strike?" If the answer is negative, the régime is reactionary no matter what its social benefits or its pretensions to anti-fascism, socialization, or democratic sympathies and aspirations. Most of Manya Gordon's "How to Tell Progress from Reaction" is feminine embroidery on this one extremely sound idea. Her remarks on the various nations' housing and educational policies are related to her major theme, but they are secondary.

Manya Gordon (Mrs. Simeon Strunsky), once she gets her project under way, has a rather interesting fashion of applying her litmus paper. She tries it out on postal workers and TVA employees in the USA, the hands of Britain's public corporations, and the workers in socialist-cooperative Sweden and the USSR. The difficulty is that in every country it is considered a crime to strike directly against the state. That is one of the big advantages of public corporations such as the Central Electricity Board, the London Transport Board and the British Broadcasting Corporation. Employees of said corporations, which have an American counterpart in the New York Port Authority (Holland and Lincoln Tunnels, Triborough Bridge etc.) do have the right to strike and yet the facilities are operated in the public interest by non-political appointees. The author, who is a native of Kiev, paints a lugubrious picture of the life of the Russian worker and the complete submergence of his union by the government which employs him. The public corporation is a device worthy of the most serious study. It would seem to provide an ideal solution for the problem posed by full and quasi-monopolies.

Two Testaments

TWO MEMBERS of American minority groups present us with two series of drawings possessing a certain interrelation. Allen Rohan Crite, a Negro artist of considerable distinction, has done a series of illustrations to the spiritual, "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" On the surface, of course, this is a Way of the Cross, dealing with the historical events of Christ's Passion and driving home the old Christian moral that all of us are responsible for that Passion. Since Mr. Crite is naturally most concerned with his own people, he makes the Jews into Negroes, and keeps Our Lord of no specific race, although his skin is represented as being black. There is nothing particularly novel about this technique. Only in recent times—in very recent times as the history of Christianity goes—has the historical convention governed religious art. And even in our own day painters have pointed to a profoundly Christian truth by presenting men and women of today as the perpetrators of the Passion. Hence Mr. Crite is safely in a very old tradition as far as the obvious interpretation of his work is concerned. But there is here also a second identification.

It has often been pointed out that the American Negro, once he had accepted Christianity, tended to take upon himself the tribulations of Israel and even to look upon the Passion as the great consolation for every passion, specifically the passion suffered by his own race. That probably is why Mr. Crite, as noted above, has represented Christ as a black man but not a Negro. To have done the latter would merely have been to translate the historical Passion into a black world; to make the perpetrators of the Passion specifically Negro and to make

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Christ racially different from them, yet like them, is a subtle way of assimilating the passion of the Negro to Christ's Passion, without sinning against humility. The obvious device—that of making the Jews white and Christ a Negro—would have been intolerable to any believing Christian. And a believing Christian Mr. Crite certainly is.

But apart from all this, a word of praise must be said concerning the artistic merit of Mr. Crite's work. He has a certain vigor and boldness both of execution and imagination which make vivid indeed the central fact of Christian belief. Occasionally he turns a little sentimental and stained-glass windowish, particularly in his constant introduction of lilies in his compositions. But his device of clothing the Risen Christ in liturgical garb is brilliantly successful. Altogether he has undertaken a perilous task and accomplished it remarkably well.

Mr. Fukuhara also deals with a passion. But Mr. Fukuhara being an American of Japanese ancestry depicts his passion in a very different way. Here there is nothing dramatic, but rather the effectiveness of understatement. His "Portfolio" contains fifty reproductions of pencil drawings made in the various War Relocation Authority centers in which the Japanese Americans from the Pacific Coast have been interned. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will remember that we reproduced one of Mr. Fukuhara's drawings as frontispiece to our recent Japanese American number.

In Mr. Fukuhara's series of sketches there are two dominant themes—if one may use that word. The first is a prepossession with linear beauty. Each drawing sings. And although the technique is reminiscent of Oriental art, it is quite obviously not Oriental art. The second theme is that of a pathetic monotony and drabness. We see the rows of standardized dormitory dwellings, we see the makeshift toy clutched in the child's hand, we see the forbidding expanses of unfriendly climate, with an electric transmission line as the principal center of interest. Here is no strongly expressed outward emotion, but a deeply felt stultification. Here is no melodrama, no drama. There is feeling deep down underneath everything, but it comes through in a whisper, almost in the restive sigh of a man who seems to be asleep but is not. And here also is an irony so delicate and so self-denigrating that at first you do not notice it. A splendid example of this is the drawing entitled "Sunset.' ' Obviously the artist can do nothing with a sunset, or so he would have us believe, and hence he makes a number of irregular pencil strokes above a range of hills—and he has done a great deal with a sunset, because he has made us see it.

More Books of the Week

The Arts and Religion. Albert E. Bailey, Editor. Kenneth Conant, H. Augustine Smith, Fred Eastman. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE GULF between creative art and the intellectual type of scholarship is a deep one. This is an inevitable condition because scholarship, by its very nature, is backward looking. In fact the usual measure of scholarship is the extent and accuracy of knowledge of the past. Art, in its best form, being the result of a purely creative process, must look toward the future. Its development is dependent on constantly expanding hypotheses, as regards the forms it will take. While based on the accumulated

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knowledge that comes out of personal as well as traditional experience, this remains a background and is never a goal. It is, rather, a springboard for the artist.

"The Arts and Religion" comprises the 1943 Ayer Lectures, given at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. Being largely an exposition of scholarship, applied to architecture and the other arts, it is to be considered on the basis of its knowledge of the past. A creative content is not within its scope. In an archeological way, therefore, the painting and sculpture section, by Mr. Bailey, and the analysis of pre-Renaissance Christian architecture, by Mr. Conant, are both well written and satisfactory. The section on music, by Dr. Smith, while containing a great deal of information, and an attempt to be practically helpful in coordinating music and worship in Protestant churches, is somewhat diffuse and lacking in literary form. It is interesting to find him in agreement with the Gregorian authority, Dr. Becket Gibbs, in deploring the character of the usual processionals. Ritualistic and artistic unity would be increase in our churches if the music of these progresses to the sanctuary was like that employed in the liturgy itself. Dr. Eastman's lecture theme was the dramatist and the minister. While his efforts to relate the methods of the drama to church-service use must leave a Catholic unimpressed, some of his ideas on the composition of sermons should be required reading by our own clergy.

It is interesting to find that the approach in all of these lectures, but to varying degrees, evaluates religious art for its effect on people. This is significant, because it is typical both of the archeological view, in its more sentimental phase, and of the general Protestant viewpoint. It is an idea, however, that is both fallacious and destructive to the production of a religious art. A comparable idea is the cultivation of spirituality with an idea of edifying others, which we know must be destructive to innate spirituality. The *effect,* in the arts, like edification arising from sanctity, is in the nature of a by-product. That this destructive and mistaken idea is very usual among Catholics offers a part of the explanation of our lack of a vital religious architecture and art.

BARRY BYRNE.

The Best American Short Stories—1944. *Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton.* $2.75.

THE FIRST thing you notice about "The Best American Short Stories—1944" is that most of them were written by people you never heard of before. You have heard of Dorothy Canfield, Carson McCullers, Irwin Shaw, Elizabeth Warner and, if you read COMMONWEAL poetry, Jessamyn West; but chances are the rest are total strangers or people whose name is familiar, but the face escapes you.

Miss Foley is conscious of this, and in her introduction she takes occasion to explain the absence of more prominent names. It seems that our topflight storytellers are too busy writing "the slick stories, the stories with wonderful technical skill and no soul." The explanation for this in time is very simple. Hilaire Belloc, in a brief classic entitled "Fatigue," once summed it up as follows:

> I'm tired of Love: I'm still more tired of Rhyme.
> But Money gives me pleasure all the time.

And in America there is so much money. It is, as Miss Foley points out, a tragic situation. But as Miss Foley doesn't point out, there is at least one redeeming feature. Writers who make their names pushing, however beautifully and maybe even radically, a materialist view of the universe, proceed to lose their names when artistic integrity bends beneath the weight of those material rewards they so eloquently and plausibly extolled. Their stories may have once had "soul," but the quality of soul was somehow defective. Their demise, however, has this advantage: it leaves room at the bottom for new writers who might, and then again might not, entertain a wiser and a nobler faith.

For example, there are a number of stories in Miss Foley's excellent volume that are very good stories indeed, but which seem to express a way of life, a point of view on the part of their authors, that is exactly what one would expect to find in the same room with somebody who in the end sacrifices integrity for cash.

On the other hand, if more celebrities were present, perhaps there would be no room for five writers who are not afraid, for example, to speak of God quite naturally. If, however, *these* writers were later to stumble and fall that indeed would be a sad and sorry thing. To put them even more completely on the spot, here they are: William Fifield in "The Fishermen of Patzcuaro"; Josephine W. Johnson in "The Rented Room;" Jessamyn West in a lovely story of a Quaker party ,"The Illumination;" Emmanuel Winters in "God's Agents Have Beards," a tale of how a Jewish boy met God face to face that is, to put it as unmildly as possible, a perfect joy and a delight; and finally, lo and behold, a completely Catholic story of the death of a Franciscan monk by J. F. Powers, "Lions, Hearts, Leaping Does."

There are a number of other stories that are both entertaining and edifying. Frankly, though, the only writer in the bunch that really jumps off the page and hits you with notice that here is a first rate literary talent, is Carson McCullers, who turns out a long, wise, funny and beautifully written story about strange goings on in the South. The title is "The Ballad of the Sad Café," a title good enough to stand in the company of Miss McCullers's books, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" and "Reflections in a Golden Eye."

In "Notes of a Dangling Man" Saul Bellows does a vivid, interesting tale about a young man who gives up his job to go into the Army and is then left dangling by technical difficulties. His enforced idleness further tightens the tensions of an already taut and unhappy life. As trouble closes in, the hero seeks consolation in the playing of a favorite recording, a Haydn *divertimento.* In a very moving passage he reflects upon the beautiful sadness and nobility of the music and notices that he is "still an apprentice in suffering and humiliation." The question is, how to meet this suffering and humiliation? And the music's answer, "with grace, without meanness." And where to obtain grace in the soul's desperate need? "The music named only one source, the universal one, God."

And then, just as if it were the first time, out pops that wormy old chestnut, that sickening old lie: it is impossible to believe in God without sacrificing reason; therefore it is better to face the battle alone. Immediately the hero involves himself in a violent fight with his nasty little niece and surrenders completely to meanness. The story ends on a note of classic modern futility and despair, and you realize that this is a good story, a moving story, but in a more profound and permanent sense,

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a very poor and stupid story. But thereby hangs an interminable discussion.

JOHN C. CORT.

People on Our Side. Edgar Snow. Random House. $3.50.

EDGAR SNOW, correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post* and admirer of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, enjoys a great reputation for his reports on Far Eastern Affairs. I am sure that his last book will win him many new admirers. He is a keen observer and a skilful writer who knows how to combine pathos with humor; and he does not bore even when he discusses political theories and sums up historical developments. People on our side are the inhabitants of Iran, India, China and the Soviet Union. Snow does not like the English rule in India—despite some of its merits. He loathes Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang régime: here, he can find no merits. He is indifferent toward the Iran government, but full of admiration for the Chinese Partisans—who are for him almost saints, without any faults—and for those who run the Soviet Union, though he does not hide many shortcomings and deficiencies in Stalin's totalitarian régime. He offers an impressive description of the battle for Stalingrad as well as a very human sketch of daily life in Moscow (black market and marriage included). He states that Gandhi would be executed or at least put in a concentration camp by the Soviets, whereas the British Viceroy exchanges with him friendly if somewhat stiff letters; but he prefers the racial equality of the Soviet Union to the visible and invisible inequalities under English rule. Most effective is his description of the wealthy Hindu who is for Indian independence because he feels himself humiliated by the English behavior toward the Indian's Wealth—that it increases under English domination does not matter to him.

It would be injust to criticize the book for some minor inaccuracies. Could Marshal Malinowski have fought on the side of the Americans in France in 1916? And for some not very profound interpretations of official Soviet doctrine. The book raises most important questions concerning the future of Asia and especially concerning America's attitude toward China. The policy of regarding Chiang Kai-shek's government as the Chinese government would be a dangerous mistake, if Snow's description of the Partisans or "communists" is fundamentally correct. Chiang Kai-shek is pictured not only as representative of narrow-minded, anti-social, feudal capitalistic interests, but as a preacher of extreme xenophobia. In any case, even those who are somewhat skeptical that a century of the common man would arrive in Asia after foreign influences have disappeared will read Snow's book with much profit. He is such a honest collector of facts that it is easy to disassociate them from his personal interpretations, and he raises questions which are of concern to all students of international affairs.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

Album of Destiny. Jesse Stuart. Dutton. $3.00.

THE POEMS in this book (almost four hundred) offer a transcription of Kentucky mountain life. A rigid unity runs through them, a unity of theme, character, symbolism and structure. The structure alternates between sixteen and fourteen lines, but in the latter pieces the essential spirit of the sonnet is rarely found.

In praise of the sequence, one must admit a genuine

For Student and Scholar

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inspiration, originality, colorful regionalism and sustained and powerful atmosphere. But these virtues in themselves do not make poetry, and in this case will not redeem more than three-fourths of the pieces from the category of slipshod verse. An unusually patient reader might struggle on, from page to page, to the bitter end; but one who has more interesting things to do will tire of the repetitious theme, and pass over most of the pages. Among lines of brilliant and sudden loveliness, there are others of shockingly reckless draftsmanship.

One reads page after page, faintly troubled by the old problem of the dividing line between poetry and verse. Of some of the poems he says immediately: "This is amazing poetry." But the weary intervals between these passages exasperate and bore him. The diversity and forthrightness of Masters's "Spoon River Anthology" are here, and the exuberance of Whitman, but the weakness of Whitman too—the "endless palaver."

From a moral standpoint, the verses are darkened with a heresy of naturalism and skepticism, so that the sequence as a whole is a desperate thing, touched with futility, and finally spoiled by questionable allusions to death and immortality. This attitude of skepticism often declines into sentimentality: a musical and prettified evasion of the issue. If one wishes to leave the moral problem out of the judgement of the poems—which one cannot very well do, when the poet himself constructs his work on a moral assumption—he must nevertheless admit that the book is entirely too wordy, overloaded with repetitions which almost ruin the rare passages of authentic song.

JOHN DUFFY.

Lent. Conrad Pepler, O. P. Herder. $4.00.

THE sub-title gives the clue to this 400-page work on Lent, viz., "A Liturgical Commentary on the Lessons and Gospels." Father Pepler, who, by the way, was one of the conférenciers at the Liturgical Weekend held last Easter at Oxford, has given us a thorough treatment of the Scripture Lessons and the Gospels in the Masses from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday. He shows that, despite the apparent lack of system in the choice of the Scriptural passages, there is nevertheless a general plan: the Lessons and Gospels "are a preparation for Easter to be used by all men, regardless of sex, age or place." In them are offered many lines of thought and meditation for Lent, and Father Pepler aims to set forth the one "nearest to the mind of the Church, as well as to the texts themselves."

This book is going to prove to be a most valuable compendium and explanation of the various topics which confront man during Lent. In the warp and weft of the Scriptural background are woven solid discussions on penance, mortification, prayer, The Mystical Body, suffering, sacrifice, joy, victory and union. Something of the Easter light, gleaming at the *finis,* is reflected back and diffused through all the chapters that go before. Great figures of the Liturgy are seen as the heralds and prototypes of the New Life: Moses, Isaias, Jeremias. Here we read and in the Liturgy itself hear the Scriptures as the Church designed them to read and heard. With the aid of this commentary many souls will learn, no doubt, what a tremendous part man is meant and enabled to play in the drama of Redemption.

RICHARD FLOWER.

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The Inner Forum

"Pattern for Peace"

ONE YEAR has elapsed since the publication of the joint Catholic, Jewish and Protestant statement on World Peace, signed by leaders of the three faiths here in the United States. Since that date some 750,000 copies of the joint declaration have been distributed—chiefly through the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Church Peace Union and the Synagogue Council of America. It was welcomed by the British Council of Christians and Jews.

Now, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the announcement of these seven principles agreed upon by American religious leaders, the Ethics Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace, in collaboration with the Institute of Social Sciences, St. Louis University, has brought out a pamphlet entitled "The Pattern for Peace and the Papal Peace Program," by Rev. John Courtney Murray, S.J. There is strong emphasis in this pamphlet, which compares the American statement with the Papal peace program as enunciated by Pius XII in recent Christmas Allocutions, on the importance of the collaboration of Catholics with men of other faiths.

The pamphlet cites the reference of Pope Pius to "this high purpose and this crusading struggle, which should enlist all unselfish and greathearted men in the endeavor to lead the nations back from the muddy cisterns of material and selfish interests to the living fountain of divine law. . . ." Again, "It is fitting that in the formulation of the peace there should be assured the cooperation, with sincerity of will and energy, with the purpose of a generous participation, not only of this or that party, not only of this or that people, but of all people, yes, rather of all humanity. It is a universal undertaking for the common good, which requires the collaboration of all Christendom in the religious and moral aspects of the new edifice that is to be constructed. . . ." Finally, "We turn to all those who are united with Us at least by the bond of faith in God. . . . And We exhort you with suppliant, paternal insistence not only to realize fully the dreadful gravity of this hour, but also to meditate on the vistas of good and supernatural benefit which it opens up, and to unite and collaborate toward the renewal of society in spirit and truth. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

N. Philip NORMAN, M.D., took his medical degree in Vanderbilt University in 1912. He was a medical officer in World War I. He has practiced medicine in New York ever since. He has contributed a number of articles to medical journals upon the relationship of nutrition to pathological conditions.

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Fall Book Number

NEXT WEEK The Commonweal brings out a special number centered around the season's books. It will include a critical survey, by the Editors, of leading fiction and non-fiction titles.

The Editors' Choice and More Books of the Week departments will feature important titles. A number of publishers have reserved advertising space to announce new books which they believe will be most interesting to Commonweal readers.

also

DEMOCRACY AND THE PURISTS, by Yves Simon, author of "The Road to Vichy" and other books, is an eloquent defense of political democracy against those who claim that in its latter-day form it is virtually indistinguishable from totalitarianism. "The fundamental mistake is to assume that there exists in the world a formula able to satisfy our sense of justice while at the same time freeing us of the rigors of a fight which will never be finished. Either we must give up our idea of an easy life or give up justice."

EZRA POUND, by Private Oliver W. Evans, the story of an American expatriate's career. "Pound, who had sought a refuge in England from the vulgarity of his homeland, went his fellow-expatriate, James, one better by becoming a double exile, this time from England and everything which he imagined to be typical of Anglo-American civilization." Finally, in January, 1941, he began a series of pro-fascist broadcasts over Radio Roma's "American Hour."

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